

THIRSTY ILLUSTRATORS DANCE AND DINE AS DRINKS



The Illustrators in their fancy costumes.

Society of Illustrators Go to Ball Garbed to Represent Every "Head-achy" Beverage Known to the Tired Business Man--Whereabouts of a Native Haig Perplexing to Many--Black and White Popular

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

WHEN the Society of Illustrators' entertainment committee postcard-ed everybody recently that members and guests attending the society's costume dance at the Hotel Brevoort would be expected to be on hand garbed in a costume that represented some intoxicating beverage every one said of course that everybody else would come rigged out as a pousse cafe. Wherefore when the dance, which began to hit its most kaleidoscopic stride shortly before midnight one night (to one who was among those present until the bitter end the days and dates are all a bit blurred), really got under way it was evident at a glance that nobody came as a pousse cafe. Instead from C. Allan Gilbert stationed at the door back to the furthest corners of a ballroom where a Prince of Wales clicked his heels back in the pretautistic days of the '60s about every third illustrator or his wife or guest was present as a Black and White.

Always excepting John Barry Ryan, whose father, Thomas Fortune Ryan, is known from ocean to ocean as John Barry Ryan's parent, John Barry Ryan came all rigged out to represent a tired business man. What connection a tired business man has with anything even remotely associated with a drink was not clear.

John Barry Ryan didn't aim to go to this ball at all. Unfortunately he happens to live right around the corner. Along about 10 o'clock on whatever night it was that the illustrators held



When they dined.

home he still had the letter in his pocket—has it yet, from last reports.

Those eminent illustrators, Alec and Martin Keogh, Jr., very early in the week headed off any probable competition by announcing to that part of the American people bent upon going to the illustrators' ball dressed up like a drink that suits for infringement of copyright would be started if any one but themselves appeared at the Brevoort as Haig and Haig.

"How interesting," cried Charley Hanson Towne, the popular song writer—this was at a chance meeting last Monday at the foot of Livingston street on the East River water front while Charley and the Keogh lads were out at luncheon. "But where can you get one of the costumes of a native haig?"

"Ah," came the confident answer, "that's where we have all of you lashed to the mast. How can anybody question the accuracy of our costumes? Who ever saw a haig?"

This answer was delivered in chorus by Justice Keogh's two promising boys, so it was not evident at the time which one had first thought of the wheeze. From sources that THE SUN is not at liberty to disclose, however, it was learned later that Martin J., Jr., had invented the remark.

But on with the dance! The very first figure to glorify lower Fifth avenue on whatever night this dance was held was Old Pop Gibson. Pop was received ceremoniously by the only illustrators on hand at this early hour, said illustrators being Mr. Gilbert and J. Montgomery Flagg, who were on the door. Pop Gibson, as William Curtis Gibson during working hours, is a magazine art editor and therefore has the say so as to the purchase and rejection of drawings. So they made a great big fuss over the old gentleman.

Pop, as THE SUN often has told you, is best known to an admiring nation as the very oldest living volunteer fireman. Pop woke up famous the morning after the fire which destroyed the old Barnum's Museum at Broadway and

Ann street before the civil war. When the story of Pop's bravery while rescuing from its glass tank the white whale that was the pride of the museum leaked out Mr. Barnum personally presented

tion Pop's extreme age even back in those dim days of the museum fire.

Pop appeared at the ball dressed in a costume that prettily combined the drink idea with his pyrotechnical obsession. He came as a rum omelette all lit up. Fortunately when Pop appears in public he is looked after by two keepers—this because of his extreme age and consequent infirmities—who always wear red shirts, helmets, blue trousers and high boots.

The two keepers, Luke and Oswald Durkin, played a chemical extinguisher on Pop every time the little flames rising from his shoulders mounted high enough to threaten his long white locks. Needless to say the red and yellow costume he wore was made of asbestos. Pop therefore was safe from harm at all times but the danger of the flames spreading at any moment to some one else lent to the unique costume one deplorable feature—none of the girls would dance with the old man.

"What? Dance with a four alarm blue factory conflagration?" cried Miss Joan Sawyer, the popular professional danseuse, when the old man intimated about midnight that if he were approached in the right way he could be induced to grant Miss Sawyer the ecstasy of doing her own aeroplane dance with her. "Have you stopped to think what your old flames would do to my white chiffon and chamoisee? They would stain my gown, Pop, spot it all up."



Mrs. Vernon How Bailey and Christian Prineos.

their dance John B. after locking the kitchen door and putting out the cat headed down Fifth avenue all wrapped up in the favorite game of New Yorkers of trying to find a mail box in which to

drop a letter before turning in for the night. He met a friend headed for the ball and was invited to come along, gray business suit and all, and to give the

dance at least one thorough look over. Hours are supposed to elapse here. And when John Barry finally did manage to bat his way out through the confetti and paper streamers and head for



Miss Alice O'Neill and A. Travers Ewell.

Instead, Miss Sawyer and her dancing partner, Little Johnny Jarrott, went out on the floor and danced an aeroplane.

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